

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR IN EUROPE.

LETTER V.

FROM Manchester, we went to Bristol, where we had promised a visit to a kind friend, whom we had long known, but never seen. She met us at the station. One must be a stranger in a foreign land, to fully appreciate the pleasure of stepping out of the cars that have brought you, you hardly know where, and being made to feel at home, directly, by the kind welcome of an expectant friend. This very sweet pleasure we enjoyed, both at Manchester and Bristol.

After our friend had given us dinner, she took us to Frenshay, a village in the neighborhood of Bristol, at about eight miles distance, where there was a meeting of the Unitarians. This was an annual gathering of an association for the advancement of liberal christianity.

It was, to me, very interesting, not only on account of its object, but, as it gave me an opportunity of seeing how they managed such meetings in England, as well as of meeting some very interesting people. My impression was, that there was far more interest and life in the audience, than is common in any of our meetings, except in our anti-slavery and political meetings. There was more freedom, more warmth; they applauded; they questioned the speakers; in short, you perceived they were speaking and thinking of something they cared for.

My friend took me to see some of the different schools for the poor, in Bristol. Nothing could be more beautiful than the infant school I saw there. Never was there a happier looking set of babies got together. It did my heart good to see them. The Lewins Mead school, also, established under the care of the lamented Dr. Carpenter. But the school that moved my heart above all others, was the ragged school, to which Miss C. took me, and for which she and her family have done and still do so much.

The ragged school is, literally, what it calls itself, — a school of ragged children. Many poor people do not send their children to school, because they are ashamed to send them with decent children, in the poor and miserable condition in which they are forced, from poverty, to keep them. It was therefore thought best to induce the parents of these poor things to send them in their rags, and let them have the advantage of being cared for and taught, for a certain part of every day. Every pains, also, was taken, to induce the wretched little sufferers themselves, in the streets, to come to a place where they would be made happy and comfortable, and

be well instructed. After awhile, these efforts were successful; and it was an affecting sight, to witness these half-clothed, ragged, and dirty little creatures, all gathered together, with smiling faces, and learning, not only to read, and spell, and write, but, some of them, to make shoes, others, pantaloons and jackets, others again, to knit, or to sew. We went into the shoemakers' and the tailors' room; and there were these little fellows working as merrily, and looking as cheerful and as good, as children will, if they have a fair chance in the world. They are paid for all the work they do, and little rewards are often administered as aids to their newly-born virtue.

There seems to be a necessity that these children should remain as they are found, in their rags; for, if they had better clothes put on them, the parents, many of them, would take them off and sell them for drink; and, besides this, the expense would be too great, as it would not do to give anything to one, that you did not give to all, as it produces jealousy and unkind feelings towards each other. The little ragged community will not allow it. But as an evidence of their sense of justice, my friend related one fact to me. She told me, that the parents of some of these children were so poor, that, in the winter time, when cheap provisions were not so plenty as in summer, they did not give their children enough to eat. The managers of the school, at such times, had a quantity of soup made, and distributed it to those whom they thought the most needy. At these times, the children who got something to eat at home, withdrew their claim, and enjoyed seeing their poorer companions fed, while they had nothing,

thus showing their sense of justice. Never did I see a happier, merrier set of children than these were, their rags, and bare feet, and dirty faces notwithstanding. If there ever was a true and noble charity, it is this. In no school that I entered, did the teacher seem to me to have a deeper interest in, or a truer affection for, her charge.

For what else we saw in Bristol that was interesting, I shall copy a page from a journal kept by one of our party. I must, however, mention one thing more of this interesting place. It was here, or in its environs, that the Rajah Rammohun Roy passed the last days of his life. He was buried in a beautiful spot in the grounds of a friend. He was laid in the ground with no other ceremony than a simple procession of loving and weeping friends, who followed his remains to their beautiful resting-place. There were so many pilgrims to the spot, that the gentleman to whom the grounds belonged, had the honored dust removed to another place. I was sorry a stone was erected on the spot from whence the body had been taken. I could not but wonder that the owner had been willing to resign the sacred dust. But I have promised you a piece of the journal, so here it is.

"Bristol is a very old-fashioned, picturesque place, the greatest contrast to Manchester. The streets are narrow and crooked, but often quite romantic in their irregularity; and, every now and then, one comes upon a truly beautiful building. The cathedral is small, and not remarkably fine. There we again listened to the beautiful service. We visited St. Mary Redcliffe church, said by Queen Elizabeth to be 'one of the most famous,

absolute fairest, and goodliest parish churches within the realms of England.' It is now in process of restoration and renovation, and will be more beautiful far when finished. But even now it is most glorious. It is built of the Bath stone, a favorite material in the south of England. This is a delicate yellow stone, which, after awhile, when exposed to the air, is apt to blacken. The exterior of the church is executed with elaborate and tasteful carving, and is very perfect. The interior is magnificent, or will be when the horrid pews are taken away, the screen removed, and the whole church thrown open, cathedral-fashion. The screen in a cathedral is a sort of wall built up in the centre of the building; sometimes it is of carved wood,—a sort of lattice; at Redcliffe it was of some solid material, and covered by three large pictures by Hogarth; they were Scripture pieces, of course. If they had been in any other place, I could not have quarrelled with them; but, as it was, I could not but wish them in some other place. When they are removed, and there is nothing to interrupt the view of the arches from one end to the other, it will be a magnificent building.

Mr. A. had the kindness to take me a lovely walk to Ashton, and show me Ashton Park. (Ashton is the scene of *Lazy Lawrence*.) I met him at his residence in Clifton. A delightful walk it was, with one drawback. The weather was very bad. It was ill natured of it to rain. The Park is very lovely; the venerable trees, with the beautiful deer beneath them, and the noisy rooks in their branches, the emerald green grass, and withal the dreamy light of this cloudy, dark day, gave such a real English look to the whole scene, that I felt

very strongly that I was in a different world. Instead of walking all the way back to our kind friend's, I took a little boat, and for sixpence was rowed up the Avon, to the bridge, near to Miss C.'s house.—Very pleasant company in the evening.

On Friday morning, Mr. E. took us to Mrs. A.'s, to see some friends of his, who lived in a beautiful place on the downs. Beautiful indeed it was; a fine old house built of stone, with two wings, covered with ivy and other vines, mingled with roses and woodbine and honeysuckles and flowering shrubs. These were the most satisfactory house and grounds I had ever seen. It was a perpetual feast to see the exquisite taste displayed in the laying out of this place, and the arrangement of every thing around. We were most gracefully and cordially received by the lady of the house and her daughter, who, with another young lady, showed us all their beautiful things, with easy kindness and hospitality. I was charmed and delighted with the visit, and particularly glad to see such a specimen of landscape gardening. I must not forget to mention a charming display of roses these kind friends were so good as to carry us to see. It belonged to a lady, a neighbor of theirs. It was then October, and yet we walked in a garden of roses of an endless variety. The air was full of their perfume, and the loveliness of the roses was truly marvellous. Ah! thought I, if I had the means, I would love to do something like this in my own country, where the beautiful is not much thought of.

We proceeded to Clifton, where we met Miss C., who carried us to see a lovely old lady of eighty-three years, with all her senses perfect, a voice that might well be

called silvery, of the sweetest tone you could imagine, a complexion like a girl of sixteen, and showing the liveliest interest in all the topics of the day. She spoke of mesmerism, of negro slavery, and showed her deep sympathy with the abolitionists in our country; asked us many questions, and wanted us to stay longer than we could. She was the realization of the beau ideal of a beautiful and venerable old age. She had an organ in her room, and passed much of her time playing upon it. She was lame, and this was her only mark of infirmity.

After this, we took a walk upon the celebrated Clifton Cliffs. No one can be disappointed in them: the view is glorious, and the whole place striking and beautiful; but they cannot be described. I bought several pieces of the fine minerals found in this region, at little tables set about in the open air on the cliffs. We walked back to our friend's house on the terrace, I thinking that the inhabitants of the houses situated on these terraces were most fortunate individuals.

On Saturday, we made our long-expected visit to Tintern Abbey. We set off at seven o'clock in the morning, in a little steamer, in company with Mr. T. and the two pleasant, lively Misses B. Unhappily, our friend, Miss C., was ill, and could not go with us. The party was disposed for enjoyment; the day, which began in clouds, cleared up to a lovely sunshine. We sailed down the muddy Avon, which Lamb, I am told, unwittingly and ungeographically called, 'the limpid stream which Shakspeare quaffed,' under the cliffs which are very steep, and look finely, and at last came out into the mouth of the Severn, which we crossed, and sailed.

up the little river Wye, to Chepstow. Here we disembarked, and took a large open carriage for the day. We went first to the Wind Cliff, where there is one of the most singular and beautiful views in England. The cliff itself is most remarkable ; it is some hundred feet high, and perfectly perpendicular, and forms one of the finest parts of the view. From thence you look down the whole course of the Wye with its long ranges of cliffs curving in bold, graceful lines ; and, at a distance, the channel and the mouth of the Severn. The country is lovely, the cottages, the farm-houses, and the larger and grander mansions of the gentry, the meadows, greener than my eyes had ever seen in my own country. All were unutterably beautiful. We spent a long time on the cliff, with great delight. At last came the time to descend. We came down by a steep, winding path cut in the side of the rock, to a lovely cottage, the walls of which were hung with dry moss, instead of paper. Here we stopped to rest and admire for a short time, then took our carriage, which we had sent round to meet us at this point, while we visited the cliff. We now directed our driver to Tintern. The first sight of the Abbey is very fine, as one comes down the gentle descent to it in the road. We went of course into such raptures as were proper upon such an occasion. But when the great door was opened, the lonely deserted interior, with its venerable arches springing up from the soft green grass, and its ivy-mantled walls looked so quiet and majestic in their decay, that words have no power to express our feelings. No one spoke a word, and the only sound that was to be heard was the screaming of the hundreds of jackdaws who had built their nests in the

thick, clustering branches of the ivy, and who seemed to chatter as if in mockery of the grandest works of man, that must at last all feel the touch of 'time's decaying finger.'

We passed more than two hours in this hallowed spot, sometimes viewing it from one point, and sometimes from another. I climbed to the top of the walls, and walked over the arches, and had time to see it well. I do not think it superior in kind to Calder Abbey, but the two are not fairly comparable. Tintern is by far the larger and the more perfect, and, as such, more interesting. We left it with regret, but the sun would not stop for us. After a most lovely drive, we reached Chepstow Castle. As Tintern is one of the best ruined Abbeys in England, so Chepstow is one of the best ruined castles. It seemed quite like a dream to me to realize my old desire to see a real old castle. The building is very large, and must have been of immense strength, standing, as it does, on a high, perpendicular cliff, over the Wye. I wandered through all sorts of old walls and towers, where the 'ivy green was creeping, creeping' ever. Now I ascended a turret, and anon found myself in the Keep Tower, where the regicide Morton was confined for twenty years, and where his wife and daughters submitted to be prisoners also, for the sake of visiting him once a day; these solid walls may all crumble away, and not one stone remain upon another, while the story of the love of these faithful souls shall live forever. This exploration was most fascinating to me, and there was so much to explore that the interest did not flag for hours. The ruins are very beautiful and picturesque. I had, in short, a most satisfactory time. At length,

we tore ourselves away, and embarked for Bristol, where we arrived in two or three hours, after having enjoyed a most perfect day.

The next morning was Sunday. I went in the morning to church with our friends, and heard an excellent discourse from Mr. A. In the evening, I went to Redcliffe. I enjoyed the music highly, but not so well as the cathedral service. The preacher said, as I understood him, that the cholera was sent as a punishment of the national sins; among others, for educating the Catholics in Ireland, and this made me angry.

On Monday, I took a walk, and purchased some prints of Redcliffe and other interesting places, and returned just in time for the train which was starting for Bath. Our kind, excellent friends, Mr. and Mrs. R. accompanied us in order to show us the city. Our good friend, with whom we had been staying, took leave of us at the station.

The Great Western is the best railway in the world, and one of the oldest. It is really a work of art, and quite the poetry of railway travelling. Here the express train goes fifty miles an hour, quite safely, on the broad gauge, and the rails are so well laid, that the noise and jar are much diminished, and one travels with ease and comfort. The arrangements at the stations are all excellent, and not as we have sometimes thought calculated to give annoyance to travellers. We soon arrived at Bath. We went first to the Abbey. It is a fine building, but not in good taste. The front is ornamented with various carvings, among others, with Jacob's ladder, and angels going up and down, looking like large, fat bugs. After seeing the Abbey church

at Bath, we went to the pump room, where you go to drink the mineral waters. I did not dislike the taste of the water. It was warm and queer, but not unpleasant. I was astonished, in looking from the window, at the immense bathing place where the water is constantly welling up. Around the spot where the water springs up, it is too hot to be borne, and this part is marked by a rail-barrier. This great bathing place is in the open air, in a large court-yard, and the patients can bathe either there or in their rooms, to which the water is carried, as they please. After this, we took a fly, and were driven through the city. It is picturesque and very elegant; it seems like a sort of holiday place. It abounds in splendid crescents and terraces. It is built of the famous Bath stone. We bade farewell to our kind, excellent friends, Mr. and Mrs. R., with sincere regret, and soon found ourselves again on the Great Western."

We had received a very kind invitation from Mrs. B. C., to stop on our way to London, at her residence, at Chobham Place, near Bagshot. She promised to take us to Windsor, which is a morning's drive from her place. We were to stop at Slough, where, as we supposed, her carriage was to meet us, and take us to her house. We arrived at Slough about four o'clock; there was no carriage, and after waiting in vain for two hours, we determined to take a carriage and go to Chobham. Upon inquiry, we found that it was ten or twelve miles from Slough, and that we could not arrive before nine or ten o'clock, but we thought it best to go, and were soon on our way. Quite in the dark and late in the evening, we crossed the famous Bagshot Heath,

and laughed at the recollection of Falstaff and his men in buckram. We arrived at Chobham at half past nine o'clock, and just as we stopped at the door, a carriage drove up, which had just returned from Windsor, where, it seems, we were expected to be, and where it had been sent to meet us. But our blunder did not come in the way of a most cordial welcome, from the friends who had invited us. We were received, as if long acquaintance had endeared us to them; we were made to feel as if we were at that blessed place, home, which, after all, is not a place, but a state in which love and confidence are the presiding deities. We were made to feel as if loving arms were around us, and the freedom of the house was given us, and in less time than I should have thought possible, we were chatting and becoming acquainted with each other.

It had been always one of my dreams of earthly happiness, a truly happy English home, in the country, where education, high breeding, easy circumstances, old trees, room enough, and a merry circle, made life beautiful. And here it was, and added to this, true benevolence that loves to impart to others, not merely as a tax which must be paid, but as the sweet necessity of its nature. While we were at Chobham, our friends kindly took us to Windsor, and we saw all that was there to be seen, the exquisitely beautiful chapel, the state apartments, and all that, but as many books describe all these things, I shall say little or nothing about them. I will quote only a little more from our journalist.

“We approached Windsor through the famous avenue of elms. The effect of the castle seen through that long, long vista, is exceedingly imposing and fine. There

were many deer in the park, which added much to its beauty. At last we were at the castle ; it is a fine building, but would be far more picturesque in ruins than in its present perfect state. We went first into the chapel ; this is exquisitely beautiful. The gothic clusters of pillars springing up from the floor, rise unbroken to the roof, and spread out like palm trees. The emblazoned coats of arms of the knights of the garter hanging all round upon the pillars of the chapel, the beautiful carved ornaments like lace-work, and many other rare and lovely objects, made the royal chapel very magnificent. There was a horrible old woman who went screeching round the room, showing the pictures, &c. She was particularly apropos in calling us, when she found we were Americans, into a corner of the chapel to show us the tomb of Lord Haracourt, who is there represented receiving the sword of some unfortunate American general, and shrieked out with her cracked voice, ' I thought this might interest you.'

After feasting our eyes long enough upon the chapel, we went into the castle and joined one of those batches of human beings which are drawn through the state apartments by the guide. The rooms are magnificent, and that in which are the Vandykes very splendid ; the pictures are very fine, and this apartment is of course the most interesting. We saw the grand malachite vase, presented to Victoria by the Emperor of Russia, large enough to hold one or two men. After seeing the rooms, we ascended the tower, from whence is a fine view, then walked on the terrace, and went to join the rest of our party who had gone before us to the hotel. We then went to get a look at the famous Eton school, at perhaps a mile's

distance. Some of our party had gone before us, and, as we did not find them, we took the carriage and went on to Eton, but they were not there, and we looked in vain for them; at length they arrived. We missed each other at the hotel; when they found to their consternation that the carriage was gone, they followed us on foot. We were well scolded, and the affair caused much joking afterwards.

The Eton boys amused me much. They go there very young, and remain there a long while, till they are ready to enter the universities. Their dress indicates their advancement in age and standing. First comes a jacket, then a little suspicion of a tail, which gradually lengthens and widens as maturity comes on, till at last, it is a perfect tail. I saw specimens in these various stages of growth. The Etonians are very aristocratic, being, most of them, sons of the nobility and of the higher classes. They have a fine building, and a very pretty chapel, with some fine specimens of tiling on the floors.

After seeing Eton, we got into our carriage to go home. On the way we regaled ourselves with the provisions that had been prepared for us. We got home to an excellent dinner, and a most charming evening.

On Friday Miss C. arranged a little expedition to Waverley Abbey. This is probably the place alluded to by Scott in the beginning of Waverley. It is a picturesque ruin, not very large, but very pretty. Just opposite this spot, across a piece of artificial water and a most exquisite velvet lawn, is Mr. U.'s house. The slope from the house to the Abbey, is sufficient to give a charm to the view. We found a nice place in the crypt of the old Abbey to take our lunch in.

There we cut up the bread and bacon we had brought, and made sandwiches. Never were sandwiches so good before. When our meal was finished we walked about the Abbey and along the banks of the little river Wey, which flows just by, and strolled across the stream into a beautiful grove of firs filled with rooks, a most charming place, while Miss C. sketched the crypt of the Abbey. The picture was very true to nature, but the exquisite coloring of the foliage and the evening sunlight, pencilling could not give."

One must have the happiness to be admitted, as we had been, into the sanctuary of an English family in the country, to understand all its pleasures. The simple elegance, the quiet dignity, the graceful hospitality, the easy at-homeness, the air of comfort all around you in the house, the noble old trees and fine views from the windows, stretching over lovely green lawns;—Oh, how enchanting all those things are. But more lovely than all are the beautiful souls one becomes acquainted with, sometimes, at these happy homes, whom we can never forget, and whom we cannot bear to think we shall never see again in this world. After one of the happiest weeks that ever mortals passed, we said a reluctant farewell, and departed for London, where more kind friends whom we had never seen were expecting our arrival. I can now, in my mind's eye, see all the dear family on the steps or in the hall door, giving us their parting blessing, and the old comfortable-looking gentlemanly butler, arranging our luggage in a wagon, while his mistress' carriage was devoted to us. One of the dear family accompanied us to the railroad and saw us fairly on our way to London. From thence you shall hear again from me.

E. L. F.

COMING HOME.

Now here we are at home again,
In our own father's home,
And we can go up stairs and play,
In dear sick mother's room.

Only, we must be very good,
And never make a noise,
Nor cut our paper on the floor,
Nor scatter round our toys.

We used to do so sometimes, once, —
I wish we never had ;
And now, we'll try hard, all the time,
To make dear mother glad.

Here is the great rag-baby! See
How sorrowful she looks! —
The 'Lulu Tales,' and Mother Goose,
And Willie's Rollo books.

But, where can brother Willie be?
They said he went away, —
I did not want him to be gone,
When we came home to-day.

When I asked mother where he was,
The tears were in her eye:
And when I softly smoothed her cheek,
It seemed to make her cry.

Aunt Anna said, he went to live
Where angel children are,
And that he has a Father good
And little sister there.

One day, as I looked out, I saw,
Beside the garden bed,
Another brother Willie there, —
*Willie that isn't dead !**

That day, I was a naughty girl,
When Aunty brushed my hair;
I moved about, and troubled her,
And said, *I didn't care !*

Then too, I was unkind to Frank —
Frank had been kind to me;
And showed me all the pretty things
He knew I loved to see.

But I was sorry [afterward,
And when I went to bed,
Aunt sat down by my side, and talked
Of Willie's being dead.

She said, perhaps that the dear God
Would sometimes let him come,

* This was the joyous expression of a little girl, not four years old, whose only brother had been taken into the spiritual world. Her face was perfectly radiant as she came with the story to her aunt. She probably did see most clearly in her little loving heart, the brother Willie who could *never die*.

And whisper pleasant thoughts to me
About his happy home.

I could not see him if he came,
But he would look at me
With such bright angel eyes, that I
Could never naughty be.

Dear Annie, do you think that God
Will make us angels too?
And let us live in his bright home,
As all good people do?

We'll think of Willie every day,
And, each day, we will try
To be so good, that we may go
And live with him on high.

F. E. H.

THE ROBE OF INNOCENCE.

[From the French of *Lachambeaudie*.]

As Innocence went forth one day,
She lost her white robe by the way.
She called on Fortune, Fame, and Pleasure,
Seeking of each the missing treasure,
And seeking it of each in vain.
Repentance brought it back again.

THE DUKE OF BERRI.

FROM a popular royalist biography, we have translated for our young friends the following anecdotes concerning the present Duke of Berri and his father, branches, as it is well known, of the royal family of France. They are probably, strictly true, but even were they fabulous, they would only demonstrate the more, that in high as well as in low life, kindness, generosity and disinterestedness are recognized as the only qualities which excite love—as the direct road to the human heart; and that whoever travels along this highway, whether he be prince or peasant, will never miss of the goal.

“Never was there a better prince than the Duke of Berri. Many persons who did not love the Bourbons, changed their sentiments when they had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with this worthy son of France, just as he was, affable, generous, full of cheerfulness and frankness, with his heart, as we say, in his hand.

At Compeigne, on a hunting party, his first huntsman, named Aubrey, arrived at the rendezvous precisely at eight o'clock, the hour appointed; but the prince had started at half past seven, it was therefore, his own fault and not Aubrey's, that the huntsman could not accompany him. The chase proving unsuccessful, the prince returned annoyed and in ill humor.

‘Aubrey! Where is Aubrey?’ he cried.

The huntsman had concealed himself, not daring to appear. At length he was brought forward, dumb with consternation.

‘Aubrey!’ said the prince, ‘what punishment do unpunctual people deserve?’

Aubrey could not answer.

‘Don’t you know?’ resumed the duke, ‘I do, however; they should pay a forfeit, and here is mine.’

So saying, he gave Aubrey a sum of money for his children.

Like all princes possessed of a good heart and a clear conscience, the Duke of Berri liked to go out without guards or attendants, or any mark of distinction—not to parade his popularity, but to follow his taste for simplicity and to find opportunity of doing good. One day he was returning from a walk with a single aid-de-camp. Passing by a coal-wharf, he noticed some colliers engaged in holding back one of their comrades, who wanted to throw himself into the river. The duke entered into conversation with the colliers, and learned that the unfortunate man who wished to drown himself, was the father of a family, reduced to despair by the loss of four hundred francs, (about one hundred dollars). The prince drew near to the man, and, not without difficulty, by arguments and entreaties, prevailed on him to delay for a few minutes the execution of his fatal purpose. He then withdrew, confiding the man to the care of his comrades. In the meanwhile, the aid-de-camp, by the prince’s order, hastened to the palace in quest of the four hundred francs, which he brought to the poor man. The colliers then learned that the stranger with whom they had been so unceremoniously conversing, was the king’s nephew. These worthy people did not forget this act of kindness, but followed in the prince’s funeral procession with tears.

One morning, the Duke of Berri was driving in a chaise to one of his country seats near Paris. Upon the way, he met a little boy laden with a heavy basket. The prince stopped his chaise.

‘Where are you going, my little man?’ said he to the child.

‘To La Muette, to carry this basket.’

‘It is too heavy for you, give it to me; I will set it down as I pass by.’ The prince placed the basket in his chaise, and deposited it just where he was directed; he then went in pursuit of the child’s father.

‘I met your little boy,’ said he to him; ‘you make him carry baskets too heavy for him; you will destroy his health and prevent him from growing. Buy an ass to carry the basket for him.’ And he gave him the means for purchasing the ass.

The Duchess of Berri was as kind, and as popular and charitable as her husband. Never was there a better assorted couple. And so far were they from proclaiming their good deeds, that sometimes they even concealed them from each other. One day when they had gone out together, a poor woman presented herself before them with her children — the youngest of her daughters approached the Duchess with an air of familiarity.

‘She is my charge,’ said the princess, with a modest blush.

‘Very well,’ replied the duke, ‘I like to see you increase our family.’

During one of the king’s promenades, a horse belong-

ing to one of the guardsmen who accompanied him, fell down, and his rider's leg was broken. The duke and duchess of Berri passing along a few minutes afterwards, met the injured man, whom his companions were carrying back to Paris. Dismounting immediately from their vehicle, they caused the dragoon to be lifted into it, and gave orders that he should be conducted to their own palace, and be nursed there, until his cure was completed; then, notwithstanding the length of the way, they returned on foot under a scorching sun.

One summer day, when promenading in the Elysian fields at Paris, they sat down with all the rest of the world in one of the alleys. The woman who owned the chairs went to them, and demanded for the use of them a fee, amounting to eight sous. The duke rummaged his pockets, but perceived that he had forgotten his purse; therefore, for the want of eight sous, the son of France would be obliged to lose his chair.

‘Madam,’ he gaily said to the dame, ‘you must trust to my word and give me credit, as I have no money with me, though I assure you that I am rich enough and honest enough for you to have no reason to fear on account of your eight sous.’

‘Yes, yes!’ peevishly answered the dame with a crabbed air, ‘such speeches I hear every day.’

‘Since I fail to inspire you with confidence, please to accept my umbrella, madam, as a pledge; it shall be redeemed before the day is over.’

The umbrella was worth at least a hundred times eight sous; however, the woman still had an air as if in consenting to accept it she was conferring a favor.

The duke and duchess resumed their promenade, laughing at this little incident. Soon the sky became overspread and some drops of rain announced a shower. Our pedestrians hastened their pace in order to regain the palace, though the duchess, who was in delicate health, could not walk very fast. The rain became so violent that they were obliged to seek shelter under a door-way; the porter, a good old man, who was sweeping before his lodge, seeing the young lady wet and weary, politely took off his cap.

'If Monsieur and Madam,' said he, 'would enter my lodge, they would be better off than here.'

'With all my heart,' answered the prince. They went in; the porter dried his two best chairs for them. The duke entered into conversation with the porter, who frankly gave him his opinion upon politics, government and other things.

During this time the rain continued to descend in torrents. The duchess, uncomfortable and suffering, was anxious to reach home. There was no way of procuring a carriage.

'Sir,' said the porter, 'I have an umbrella which I can offer you; only it is not a handsome one.'

'Cut with it, my good man; in war we must expect soldiers' fare.'

The porter then produced a large umbrella, patched with pieces of all colors.

'It is excellent,' said the prince.

'Pshaw!' rejoined the porter, 'the passers by will be likely to laugh at it.'

'We will let them laugh, then; however, it is but two steps to my home. But are you willing to trust me with your umbrella? you do not know me.'

‘It is very true; I set great store by my umbrella, such as it is, seeing that I have no other; but never mind, I am not afraid, I see that I have to do with an honest man.’

‘I thank you for your good opinion of me.’

The duke and duchess again thanked the porter, and bade him adieu, spreading the umbrella, with its six and thirty colors, over their heads, as they withdrew.

In an hour, one of the prince’s domestics placed eight sous in the hands of the disobliging woman who rented the chairs, in exchange for the umbrella of the duchess; he then went to the porter and returned him his umbrella, accompanied with four notes for a thousand francs.

It would be easy to cite a hundred traits of the same kind in the life of the duke of Berri. At fires, he was always present in the midst of the workmen, whom he encouraged by his words, his example and his donations. The conflagration of the Odeon in Paris, on the 18th of March, 1818, is still remembered. At the first cry of ‘fire,’ the duke of Berri hastened to the spot, directed the succours, and relieved the victims by his bounty.

On the evening of his assassination, the duke of Berri was at the opera with his wife. During the representation, they conversed affectionately with the duke and duchess of Orleans, whom they always treated, like kind relatives, with the most unreserved friendship.

The duchess having wished to retire before the end of the play, the duke accompanied her as far as the door of the theatre, intending to return immediately; the soldiers on guard remained in the play-house, as it had long been the duke’s wish, like a good unsuspecting man as he

was, to be unattended by armed men. Thus his good nature became the cause of his death, as it was at the very moment when he was saying to the duchess, 'good bye, I shall soon see you again,' that the assassin inflicted the fatal stab.

As soon as he recovered his senses, the duke's first word was an inquiry, whether the person who stabbed him was a foreigner. He was answered in the negative.

'It is hard,' he then said, 'to die by the hand of a Frenchman.'

The unfortunate prince was conveyed into the interior of the theatre. The duchess, who had rushed from her carriage at the moment of the catastrophe, was by her husband's side, and bathed him with her tears. The royal family arrived in succession; all the succours of art were employed, but the duke, feeling that his wound was mortal, was chiefly desirous of the supports of religion, which he received with the most touching devotion. After confession, he publicly acknowledged his faults in an audible voice.

'May God,' he added, 'forgive me! May he forgive him who has deprived me of life.'

He asked to see his assassin. 'What have I done to this man?' he repeated—'perhaps he is some one whom I have unintentionally offended.'

'No, my son,' replied the Count d'Artois, 'you never offended this man, he had no personal hatred towards you.'

'He was then deranged,' rejoined the prince.

He often inquired whether the king had arrived. 'I shall not have time,' he said, 'to ask for the favor of the

man's life. Promise me, my father, promise me, my brother, to entreat of the king that the *man's* life may be spared.' In his surprising magnanimity he designated his assassin in no other way; though at the very time, the *man* was coldly boasting of his crime to those who questioned him; and when the name of God was uttered before the miscreant, he replied, 'God! He is nothing but a word!'

While waiting for the remedies to be applied, Doctor Bugon sucked the wound a number of times, in order to drain off the blood, which was suffocating the prince.

'What are you doing, my friend?' said the duke, 'possibly the wound is poisoned.'

He requested and received his father's blessing. Seeing his domestics sobbing around his bed—'My father,' said he, 'I commend to you all these good people and all my family.'

When dying, he learned that the marshals of France were present. 'I had hoped,' he said, 'to have shed my blood for France in the midst of them.' The duke had requested to see his daughter, who was about five months old; she was brought to him—he raised his languid hand over her and blessed her, saying, 'Poor child! may you be less unfortunate than the rest of my family!'

The king having arrived, the duke instantly said to him, 'My uncle, I ask you to spare the *man's* life.'

'Nephew,' replied the king, 'you are not as ill as you think; we will speak of him hereafter.'

'The king does not say yes'—rejoined the duke, 'spare the *man's* life, in order at least, that I may die in

peace,' and he repeated, 'it would indeed have soothed my last moments.'

Even when just expiring, and able only to utter a few interrupted words, he was still heard to say—'If I could but carry away the assurance that a man's blood would not be shed after my death, on my account!'

These were almost his last words; at six o'clock in the morning, about seven hours after receiving the fatal stab, he yielded his life, dying like Louis XVI, in the act of pardoning."

The beautiful anecdote which follows, is recorded in the same biography, concerning the father of Louis XVI.

"In the year 1761, the Dauphin, the father of Louis XVI, Louis XVIII, and Charles X, chose to renew the ceremony of the baptism of his two eldest sons, of whom the first was then seven, and the other six years old. After their names had been inscribed on the parish register, the dauphin caused it to be brought to him; he opened it and showed his sons the name of the child registered by the side of theirs', belonging to a poor mechanic; 'thus you see,' said he, 'that in the eyes of God, conditions are equal, and that with him there is no other distinction than what is given by virtue. In the eyes of men, you will one day be greater than this child, but in the eyes of God he will be greater than you, if he be more virtuous.'"

We have often thought, that when commending children, the word *generosity* should be applied only to that beneficence which is exercised through the practice of self-denial; as hoarding is rarely the vice of the young,

and most children are willing enough to give away that which they do not want for themselves. The following anecdotes show that this sentiment has been recognised in the education of the princes of France.

"M. Rochon, writing master to the dukes of Berri and Angoulême, had sustained a considerable loss in a conflagration; young Henry entreated his head tutor, the duke of Serent, to give twenty-five louis-d'or for poor Rochon. The tutor consented, but only on condition that Henry should please his writing master for fifteen days, without naming to him the twenty-five louis-d'or. The young gentleman set himself to work and formed his big letters with as few crooks as possible; Rochon was amazed at the sudden improvement, and never ceased to congratulate his pupil. The fifteen days expired, the duke received the money and carried it in triumph to Rochon. The writing master, not knowing that the head tutor had permitted this generous act, refused to receive the money. The child insisted, the master held back; at last the young prince threw the louis-d'ors on the table in a pet, crying, 'Take them, I say, they have cost me dear enough. I have been writing so well these fifteen days, to get them.'"

The anecdotes which follow, are recorded concerning the present duke of Berri, who was born six months after the assassination of his father, September 29, 1820.

"One day, towards the close of July, 1824, the prince, upon being opposed by his governante, Madame de Gontant, in one of his little whims, swore a huge oath. The lady, surprised at hearing him garnish his conversation

with words of that kind, severely reprimanded him and inquired of whom he had learned them?

‘I must not tell,’ replied Henry.

‘And why?’

‘Because, he would be badly scolded.’

Madame de Gontant concealing her emotion at this generosity, then told the prince that she could not take it upon herself to forgive him, and that he must be called up before his mother. The duchess of Berri assumed an appearance of great severity, and in her turn inquired of the child, who among his servants had taught him such words?

The child repeated his answer, that he would never tell. ‘Well, then,’ resumed the duchess, ‘I shall carry you to the king, and he will make you speak.’

In fact, the duke was carried before his great uncle, who made him feel that a prince should be more watchful over himself, than any other person, and that he had been wrong. Henry admitted it, and promised not to do so again.

‘But,’ resumed Louis XVIII, ‘I cannot let any man be near you who teaches you such things. Who is he?’

The child bursting into tears, asked pardon again for his fault; but at the same time energetically repeated, that he would not tell his name.

‘I should be committing a greater fault,’ said he, ‘were I to occasion his ruin.’

‘If such be your determination,’ said the king gravely, ‘stand behind my arm chair until you have changed it.’

The young prince fulfilled the penance with resignation; at the end of a quarter of an hour, Louis XVIII. called him, placed him on his knee and

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pressed him to his heart, congratulating him upon his courageous discretion. On leaving the king, Henry met the culprit in the anti-chamber; he was a footman, who all trembling, expected to be dismissed. The prince pulled him by the coat.

'Be easy,' said he to him in a low tone, 'I have not named you.'

The valet then, full of emotion and gratitude, informed against himself, but obtained his pardon.

A soldier belonging to the third regiment of the guard, named Andras, had obtained leave to keep with him his son, a little boy five years old, who diverted all the officers by his gracefulness and roguish air. In the military promenade from Courbevoire to Bagatelle, Andras carried his son on his back. Young Henry one day perceiving this child, who was armed and equipped like the soldiers of the guard, wanted to take from him his musket, but the child would not part with it. Shortly afterward, he was placed on guard in front of a tent where the prince was asleep, with orders to admit no one. Before five minutes had passed, Madame the Duchess of Berri came to see her son, but little Andras said to her with the utmost seriousness, 'No one must pass here,' at the same time crossing his bayonet. The princess was enraptured with this strictness; she laughed excessively, and took the child from the military company, under her own protection. He was placed in the college of Mantes, where his talents were most successfully developed.

The July revolution which occasioned the exile of the prince, affected also the soldier's son. The education bestowed by his august patroness upon young Andras,

was interrupted. Ten or twelve years afterward, being now married and the father of a family, he stood in need of six hundred francs, in order to set up his wife in a laundry. Henry was informed of the situation of the young man who had shared his sports, and Andras received the six hundred francs. The exiled son of France remembered with pleasure the son of the common soldier.

He was accustomed to enlarge his charitable fund, by adding to his diligence and good behaviour. When he had said any lesson well, he merited a good mark: at the end of the month the marks were counted, and he received from his grandfather, Charles X., three francs for every one. This money was put into a box by itself, and was devoted every year to the clothing of six old men, and six children, inhabitants of St. Cloud; whenever he was inattentive or idle, they said to him, 'Take care, my lord, or your *poor* will suffer.'

Every year, on twelfth day, the royal family assembled in the Tuilleries to partake of the 'King's cake.' On January 6, 1830, a family festival took place, in which every thing was gay and cordial. The 'King's cake' was divided into fifteen portions, and the Duke d'Aumale being the youngest of the company, handed it round. The piece which contained the bean fell to the duke of Berri, who was at once proclaimed King* in the midst of acclamation and general gaiety, with which the evening concluded. Just as they were rising from

* It appears that whoever obtained the bean was king of the evening.

table, Charles X. called for a moment's silence, and addressing his grandson, who was quite pleased with his royalty,

'Sire,' said he, 'in ten minutes your reign will be over: has your majesty any orders to give me?'

'Yes, grandpapa, I wish'—

'I! take care, French kings always say *we*.'

'Very well, then *we* wish our head tutor to pay us our allowance three months in advance.'

'Three months, sire, what would you do with so much money?'

'Grandpapa, the mother of a brave soldier of your guard has had her cottage burnt, and the sum will not be too much for the rebuilding of it.'

'Very well, I will take charge of it.'

'No, grandpapa, because if you do it, it will not be I.'

'But how can you do without money for three months?'

'I will try to earn some by gaining good marks, for which you always pay me.'

'Ah! are you then sure of them?'

'Certainly, for must not I clothe my poor? because I have my poor, as well as you and mamma and aunt. Oh! I have made my calculations, and I shall do very well. After paying ten francs to the poor woman in the forest of Boulogne, I shall still have twenty sous left to play the prince with.'

At these words Charles X. embraced his grandson, exclaiming, 'Happy France! should he ever be king.'

In the month of April, 1830, an entire village in Auvergne was consumed by fire. It was the native

place of M. Villatte, who immediately went in search of the young duke.

‘My lord,’ said he to him, ‘a great misfortune has happened.’

‘Heavens! what is it?’

‘A village in Auvergne has been consumed by fire, and many families are reduced to misery.’

‘Poor people.’

‘If my lord could afford them relief, he would perform a good deed.’

‘I should be most happy so to do, but you know that my monthly marks are appropriated to the poor at St. Cloud.’

‘What then can be done?’

‘Stay, I have it. I will be more diligent than usual, so as to gain some extra marks, and in that way I will procure a hundred francs.’

‘That is indeed an excellent idea!’

‘Yes, but it is too little; I shall want at least two hundred francs. I must go and ask M. Demas to pay me my pocket money in advance, for a number of months.’—(He received thirty francs a month.)

‘Ah! but you do not remember that you will then have nothing for your little wants—and supposing that you were passing by the toy-shops, and took a fancy to something?’

‘Well, I can have my fancy, but do without it, and instead of thinking about playthings, I will think of the unfortunate.’

The young prince actually hastened to his head tutor, and obtained his pocket money in advance for three months. During all that time he bought nothing for

his pleasures. Not one of his relations replaced to him the money which he had consecrated to this good work, as they desired him to be made to feel that the pleasure derived from relieving misfortune becomes greater, when in order to obtain it we submit to privation.

This was not the only time that Henry conveyed his benefactions through the hands of M. Villatte.

'One morning,' writes this brave officer, 'I found him on awaking, gayer than usual. He seemed to have something agreeable to tell me, but gracefully amused himself with keeping me in suspense. At last with a radiant face, he took from under his pillow nine hundred francs which he had hoarded up from his good marks and destined for the poor of Auvergne. I have often seen him deprive himself of riding whips and other favorite playthings, that he might have the more to give to the unfortunate.'

At an early age he became president of the society of St. Joseph, consisting of the children of families in affluent or easy circumstances, who dedicated the money allotted to them for their amusements to paying the apprenticeship fees of indigent young artisans or orphans, to master-mechanics, from whom they would receive none but good examples. In case of sickness they were nursed, and all their wants were provided for.

'Be very prudent,' Henry would say to the members of the association, every time that they assembled, 'be very economical, for the sake of our young laborers.'

On Sunday the youthful protégés of Henry assembled in an appointed place; a priest performed divine service, and paternally exhorted them. Henry went to see them from time to time, familiarly conversed with them,

gave them good advice, and always left tokens of his generosity with them.

While the king of Naples, father of the duchess of Berri, resided at Rosny, the young duke went there to visit him, and often made pedestrian excursions in the environs. On one of these excursions, the young prince, being hungry, entered a cottage without making himself known, and inquired if they could give him any thing to eat. A poor peasant woman who inhabited the cottage, offered him some bread and milk, on which he feasted with an excellent appetite. He then wished to know whether his hostess were in want of any thing; she replied that her daughter was about to partake of her first communion, and was in want of various things. M. Demas then approached her, and presenting her with five louis-d'ors, said, 'It is the duke of Berri whom you have entertained, and who bestows on you this gift.' The good woman could scarcely stammer forth her gratitude. She hastened to assemble the whole village, showed her money, and told her adventure to all, indemnifying herself after the prince's departure, for her silence in his presence.

Such was the heart and such the education of the duke of Berri. Thus, at ten years old, he had been taught all the virtues and all the duties of a man and a prince, and these delightful traits of character were not the fruit of dictation, but rather the inspirations of his own heart."

L. O.

HYMN.

From "The Flock at the Fountain."

THE brook upon its way
Wide and wider grows;
Like a song, it sounds along
All the way it goes.

Sometimes clear as glass,
Glides the water by;
As we look upon the brook,
There we see the sky.

Thus my soul would be
Growing every day,
Thus would raise a song of praise
Ever on the way.

Like the water clear,
Purified from sin,
Like the brook, when deep I look,
May Heaven be found within.

"Young man, if you would have a heart-blessing
that shall go with you all your days, reverence age!"

DANA.

GEORGE.

II. MISCHIEF.

George. John, do you like to saw wood?

John. O yes, pretty well. I do not love to be idle. I like to do my work. Your father gives me money for doing it, too. I buy my clothes with it, and give some to my good mother, besides.

George. Here are two pears for you, John. Mama did not send them to you. They are all my own. Gran'pa gave me some.

John. I will take *one*, dear little George. You must keep the other. Thank you, very much.

George. No. You must eat those. I have more. See! My pocket is full. It is all stuffed out, like Jacko's cheeks.

John. Who is Jacko?

George. Jacko is a monkey.

John. O, the little monkey, which was dressed like a man, and belonged to the man with a hand-organ? I asked the man to come, so that you might see him.

George. Yes. Why did not you leave off sawing when he came?

John. O, I cannot leave my work to see monkeys. I have seen a great many monkeys, too. And once I had one of my own.

George. A real, live monkey?

John. Yes. My brother brought him home from sea for me. It was very small. I do not think it was larger than your little baby brother.

George. What was his name? Did he wear a coat? Could he speak? Tell me about him; do, John.

John. O, he was the funniest little rogue! His name was Mischief. He wore no clothes but his own brown fur, and he had a very long tail. He could not talk; no, indeed. But he knew his own name, just as Growler does; and if I said, "Here comes the baker," he would leap up on the fence in an instant. He was very fond of cake, and when I had a cent, I used to give it to Mischief, to buy cookies with.

George. How could he buy it, when he could not speak?

John. O, the baker would hold out his hand for the cent. Mischief looked hard at his other hand. The baker kept it behind him, sometimes, or shut it up. Mischief would chatter and scold till he opened it, and showed him the cake. Then he would take the cent out of his pouch—

George. Pouch?

John. His cheek, you know.

George. Yes; Jacko's pocket.

John. Then the baker would take it, and give him the cake. One time Mischief caught the baker's whip away from under his arm. The baker tried to reach it. Away ran the monkey the whole length of the fence. There he sat, chattering.

George. Did not the baker run after him?

John. Yes. "Stop thief—stop thief!" cried the baker, and we all ran, calling, "Mischief—Mischief." Just as we came to him, up he went into a high tree. There he sat, chattering.

George. What did the baker say then?

John. Then the baker took up stones, and began to pelt him. But when Mischief saw that, he threw the whip down on his head. So the baker got it, and went away laughing.

George. Did you tell Mischief he must not do so again?

John. No. Monkeys are not like little boys, who know what is said to them.

George. I wish I had a little saw. I should like to saw off little sticks. Let me take hold with you.

John. No. You would be in the way, and perhaps get a knock.

George. Yes; I want to saw.

John. Little boys are like monkeys. They always want to do everything they see done.

George. Did Mischief want to saw?

John. I do not know. But one day when he was in the house—

George. Did you let him come in?

John. We used to tie him in the kitchen, in cold weather. Every night, my mother used to sit by the fire, and undress the baby. She used to take off its little gown and tier, and put on its night-gown. Then she would put it in the cradle, and rock it to sleep.

George. And sing?

John. Yes. One day the baby crawled to Mischief, when mother was not looking. Hr pulled off her tier, and untied her gown, and pulled all the pins out of her little petticoat. Then he tried to lift her up, to put her into the cradle. Baby did not like to be squeezed. So she cried, and mother ran and took her away.

George. Was not the baby afraid?

John. No. Sometimes Mischief would get the kitten, and hold her. If she moved, he would squeeze her very tight, and rock to and fro with her.

George. Poor kitten! Did he hurt her?

John. Not much, I guess, for she liked him very well. She would sleep close by him at night when it was cold.

George. Tell me more stories about Mischief. Will you, John?

John. One day, he took it into his head to go to church. It was in summer time. All the people were sitting in their pews, and the minister was preaching. Mischief came in at a window, and ran over the tops of the pews. Nobody could catch him. He pulled off a lady's bonnet. He boxed a good old man's ears, and gave his queue a twitch. Then he climbed up into the singing seats. At last they caught him. I came out of my pew, as red as fire, and carried him home. I shut him up in the meal room. Well. By-and-bye meeting was done. All the people were going home. When they came along by our house, they wondered what was coming down like snow, all over them. They looked up to see.

George. Why, what was it?

John. They saw a little black hand, put through a broken pane of glass in the window. It was shaking down meal by handfuls.

George. And was it Mischief?

John. Yes. It was Mischief, whom I had shut up in the meal room. O, he was a sad rogue! I remember one day my mother baked some custards. Well, she put them away to cool; she set them on a table, in

a waiter. When she wanted them, she went for them. Every one had the print of Mischief's little black thumb in the middle of it. O, he was a little plague.

George. What did he do after that?

John. He would get my mother's thimble, and balls, and put them into his cheek. He put needles and pins in, too.

George. I wonder if they pricked.

John. And her wax, and all her things, he ran away with. At last, I had orders to sell poor Mischief.

George. What for?

John. My father had a little shop. He had a book, called an account book, which he wrote in every day. He kept it very carefully. Mischief could hardly lift it, but he dragged it away to the top of the house, one day. There he sat on the roof, tearing out the leaves. The wind carried them down before the windows. "What is that?" said my father. "Only some paper," said my mother. "But where does it come from?" Down came another leaf, and then another. I ran out, and got one. My father saw it in my hand. "I declare, it is my day-book," said he. "I will shoot that monkey. I cannot bear with him any longer." He guessed it was Mischief, who was tearing it to pieces. But when he saw him, grinning, and chattering, he laughed. He could not shoot him. So I took a piece of cake, and went and called him. Down went the book into the yard in a minute, and he came to get the cake. I caught the rogue, and brought him down stairs. "You must sell Mischief directly," said my father. So I did. I have not seen him since.

George. O, I am sorry. But do let me saw, John.

I want to saw. It looks very easy. I think I could saw very well indeed. I will not hurt myself.

John. Wait till I have sawed half through this log, and I will let you try.

George. No. I want to begin. I would not ask for the axe. O, no! I might cut my foot off. Mama—— O, mama said I must not trouble you. Do I trouble you? Do I, John? But do lend me the saw, will you, good John?

John. O, you little monkey!

George. No, I am not a monkey. Am I a monkey, John?

John. Ha, ha! No, no! Though you are a very little boy, you know a great many things poor Mischief could never learn. You know how to be good, and pleasant, and to make people happy. Mischief would never have given me two of his pears, if he had had any. He would have run away to hide them somewhere, till he was hungry.

George. Would he? If you do not wish me to have the saw, John, then I will not ask any more. No matter about it. Am I in your way any? Now I do not trouble you; do I?

John. No, and I will let you just try to move the saw. Push hard. You see you cannot. It looks easy when I do it. I am strong.

George. I could saw with a *little* saw.

John. You can *play* saw. I will make you a little wooden saw, sometime, one which will not saw your fingers, nor your clothes.

George. Thank you, John. I am going in now, to tell mama about it. Goodbye, John.

John. Goodbye, Georgie.

A****.

"Be not unmindful to entertain strangers, for some have thereby entertained angels."

THE subject of the following lines was a poor Irish Catholic boy in one of the Ragged Schools of a large city in England. In the midst of poverty and temptations to vice, he preserved the most childlike purity of soul, united with a sweetness of disposition, and a refinement of mind and deportment, which endeared him to all with whom he associated, and secured to him the love and esteem of his teachers and friends. He died of decline, April, 1849, aged 16, after a short but painful illness, which he endured with uncomplaining gentleness.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

MY DEPARTED SCHOLAR.

We loved him in his hours of school, we loved him at his play,
His gentle looks were full of love, his smile was bright as
day;—

With the innocence of childhood, the fresh, gay life of youth,
He had the sense of manhood, the very soul of truth.

Then sorrows thickened round him, his loved ones pined and
died;

I told him of the heavenly home, where all the good abide;—
And led him to the Saviour's word, and bade him hear his
voice,

And let the loved ones lead him on to make his ways his
his choice.

Most beautiful his budding spring, most fair his opening
flowers,

That promised life's rich ripened fruits, and summer's brighter
hours;

But fairer climes were planned for him by God his Father's
love,
He was to ripen in a world of endless bliss above.

Death's messenger came near him with sharp and crushing
pain.

Most lovingly we tended him, but all our cares were vain;—
Yet sweetly did he smile on me, while of the heavenly home,
I breathed the soothing promises, that welcomed him to come.

And then we heard that he was gone;—fain would we gaze
our last

Upon that fair and cherished form that now was fading fast;
But yet we feared to see impressed on that beloved face,
Of death's last mortal agony the sad, disfiguring trace.

O wonder and astonishment! O sweet and long surprise,
In loveliness and beauty our dear young lost one lies:—
His own sweet smile is on his lips, and calm is on his brow,
A heavenly radiance lights his face, so still and placid now.

His spirit, ere it parted to bright and endless day,
Had touched with its own peace and joy the suffering, linger-
ing clay;

And tenderly it breathed on us a loving last farewell,
While tears of gentle sorrow in torrents from us fell.

Our beautiful! our well beloved! sure such as thou art given
To gild this world of pain and sin, with hopes of life and
heaven;—

Be with us yet, and guide us on, till we shall joyful come,
To dwell forever with the Lord, in our own blessed home.

M. C.

THE LITTLE INVALID.

—SEE FRONTISPIECE.

(Continued from page 181.)

"WHERE do you find the Gentians, William?" said Mrs. Temple, one afternoon, as the boys were playing at the door, before they started on their long walk to school; "Is the place far from here?"

"What are Gentians, Mrs. Temple?" said he.

"Those deep blue flowers, with fringed edges, that you brought to Ellen the other day."

"Oh, yes'm; I know now. I never heard the name, and so I always called them Blue-eyes. They grow down by Nat's Splash, about a mile from here, and they are thicker there than stars in the sky."

"I will take Ellen there, then, in the chaise, this afternoon; but how did such a pretty place as that must be, get such an odd name?"

"All the pretty places have ugly names," said William, in a sad tone; "this is a most beautiful place, but I do hate the name of Nat's Splash."

"I don't," said Mith; "I think it is a good funny name. It was named after a real man, Mrs. Temple, and a real splash, too."

"Indeed! Do tell me about it, Mith."

"Why it happened a good many years ago; but *ma'am* says when she was a little girl, there was a boy who went to the school she did, who was a great boaster. He was about fourteen years old; very short and

very fat. He had two brothers, who were older than he, and taller, stronger, and more brisk, besides being better scholars; for he was a regular dunce."

"Oh dear," exclaimed William, "the master said, yesterday, that if I did not learn my definitions,——"

"Never mind, Bill, if he did. You never will be a dunce, nor any thing like it, so don't *take on* so, about it. The boys all said you wouldn't be a dunce, and all the boys together know as much as the master. But *ma'am* said every body knew that Nat Lane was a real dunce, and almost a fool; but he used to boast that he was at the head of the class, and knew more than his brothers or any body else. John and Sam Lane were very tall and very strong boys, and Nat was always saying that he could leap farther and run faster than either of them; but he was so short and fat and clumsy that he could not run or jump well at all.

One day *ma'am's* uncle was in the woods, near the brook, and he saw Nat Lane coming along. Nat did not see that there was any body near, and he began to talk to himself. 'Sam could not jump across, nor our John neither, though he is eighteen; but *I* could, as easy as any thing.' Then he looked about, to find rather a narrow part of the brook, and said he, 'Now let's try.' So he went off a little way and began, 'Now John goes!' Then he took a little run, and just as he got to the edge of the water, he stopped short, and said, 'No! John daren't go.' Then he went off again, and said 'Now Sam goes!' So he ran a little way again, as if he meant to leap over the brook, but stopped at the edge, and called out, 'O you coward! Sam can't jump, he daren't.' The third time he went

farther off, so that he might have a longer run, and shouted out, 'Now Nat goes!' and go he did, *splash* into the middle of the brook, and *ma'am* says her uncle laughed so that he could hardly go to help poor Nat, who lay sprawling in the water. It was not deep, but he was so frightened that he could not move. *Ma'am* says that folks have called the place Nat's Splash ever since. But we must run to school now, Bill."

"If your mother is willing, William," said Mrs. Temple, "that you and Mith should return from school by Nat's Splash, I should like to drive Ellen there this afternoon, and you could find her some more of those pretty Blue-eyes. So if you boys will wait by the brook till we come along, I will take the carryall, instead of the chaise, and Mith can drive us home by some pleasant road a few miles round."

Mrs. Ball gave her consent; and Mrs. Temple and Ellen set off, with Firebrand, to find the romantic spot with the unromantic name. They went in another direction first, that they might not reach the brook before the boys were dismissed from school; and the roads were all so pleasant, and the green lanes so inviting, that the boys were at Nat's Splash long before the carryall appeared. As Mrs. Temple drove down a little hill, and came to a sudden turn in the road, Ellen called out, "There they are!" as the brook came in sight with the boys playing by the side of it. Mith had made some rafts of bark, and some boats with paper sails, which were drifting and sailing along the water. They had each a twig of Elder, made into a tube by pushing out the pith, with which they could draw up water; and Mith was enacting a water-spout with great energy

to the manifest danger of the craft, while William was contented, by blowing furiously through his hollow stick, under water, to make a most destructive whirlpool, even the great Maelstrom.

William had already gathered a large bunch of Gentians for Ellen, and after she and her mother had looked and admired, to their heart's content, Mith drove them home by a picturesque, winding road that passed near a still more lovely spot—Mink's Misery.

S. S. F.

[To be continued.]

ANSWER TO THE CHARADE IN OUR LAST NO.

EVERY school-boy must know what the river is called
That Europe's east limits doth bound,
And need not be told that in stately old Spain
The proud, haughty *Don* may be found.

Most persons can open, if armed with the *Key*,
The lock of desk, cupboard, or hall;
And, in spite of the sentiment lavished by Sterne,
The poor *Donkey* still stupid will call.

I C WHAT U R.

ERRATA.

In our last No. page 158, line 3, for *the* read *two* ; page 163, line 15, for *find* read *finish*.



